

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, June 19. 1707.

I Am now returned to my first Subject, and the Application is just the same, not the Wickedness and criminal Part of our Breaches, so much as on the Folly and Impertinence of them; not that Strife is not to be avoided on all Occasions, as most fatally pernicious in its Meaning, tho' GOD be prais'd, not so dangerous as formerly; but as 'tis a ridiculous, inconsistent and most absurd Piece of Folly, and on this Account it merits to be a little expos'd, and that in its Infancy before it gets any Ground in the Minds of Men, or covers the Age with the Mists and Darkness of Party-Division.

I would be glad to hear, any of the Fomenters of ancient Discords, the Preachers up of irreconcilable Differences tell us now what they have to say, that us'd to cry out, that every true Son of the Church must lift

up a bloody Banner of Defiance against his Brethren, that were always painting *Dissenters*, and *Scots Kirks*, in Fools Coats to be laugh'd at, in Knaves Coats to be mobb'd, and in Devils Coats to fright the World at their Pictures; in these times they had Pretences for these things, they had old radicated Prejudices, the wicked Remains of civil Broils, and the Blood and Ravages of the Ages past, things we had no hand in, and ought to have nothing to do with; they had the Encouragements of a debauch'd, ignorant and abominable Court, that had the Nations Destruction in their View, their unbounded Lusts in compleat Meridian, the Spirit of Tyranny in their Heads, and the Devil at their Elbows: To gild these Poysons, they had the empty, senceless, inconsistent Sham of Danger to the Church to impose upon the Ignorant, terrifie the Devout,

roust, excite the Furious, and banter the World with.

These were the blessed Assistants of those Gentlemen, that to the last Extremity kept up our civil Breaches, that continued the Nations Miseries, that push'd Governours upon their own Destruction, and Government it self into Convulsions and all Manner of Confusion; Blessed Company this was for the Sons of the Prophets to be seen in, and happy Times that any of the sacred Office should wish for again.

What Distractions these things brought upon *England*, are well known, and had not the People of *England* been wise enough and brave enough to cast this Hellish Yoke off, and break these Bands, GOD Almighty only knows, whither things would have gone, and to what they might have brought us in *England*!

Indeed, if we look into *Scotland*, sad Havock has been made by that very Party, and a dismal History remains of those Times of Blood, in which these mad Men reign'd; a long Account of which I may hereafter take up these Papers about.

We have not far to seek among these People, to find out what they aim'd at, and they discover'd it plain enough themselves.

But NOW, what shall we say to them, or what can they say for themselves; their own Church has forsaken them, or rather they have forsaken the Principles of the Church; the Church of *England* disowns Prosecution as Anti-christian, and protests against it as contrary to her own Doctrine and Principles; and in spite of all our Convocation-Feuds and lower-house Frenzies, the Church of *England* has concurr'd in the mutual Stipulations of Church Security with the *Presbyterian* Church of *Scotland*, and mutual Postulates of Security by a Law of Liberty to Dissenters in *England*.

And NOW, I would fain hear, I say now, what these People can say, why we should have any more Feuds now? To quarrel before, was ill-natur'd and unkind, but now 'tis Madness and Nonsense; every Part have their respective establish'd Conditions of Settlement; every Part have their Bounds to defend, and the Law is their Guarrantee; they cannot invade one another, but they

must fly in the Face of civil Authority; they cannot disturb the Peace of one another, but they break the civil Peace, and embark the Magistrate against them.

And what's become now of all the old Zeal for Government and Authority? Where's the Loyalty and Obedience, where the submitting to Power as the Ordinance of GOD, and for Conscience, where the sacred Command of the Prince, which we were so often told to resist, was Damnation? 'Tis strange, these *Whiggs* and *Phanatics* are become the only Loyal People on a sudden, and the Loyal Gentlemen are become factious—The Command of the Sovereign, which we have been told both from Pulpit and Press, was absolute, and not to be resisted upon any Account; how comes it to lose that Veneration, which these Gentlemen told us once we ought to have for it?

If there be any Difference in the Commands of Authority, as to what they are now, and what they were about 25 Year ago, it is, that now the Commands of GOD and the Commands of the Government exactly correspond, and then they were Contraries in the extreme: The Commands of the Government are now subservient to, then they insulted and prophan'd the Laws of GOD. 'Tis strange, Gentlemen, that this Change should bring to pass the Effect, that you should obey your Prince the less, for your Prince obeying Heaven more; and why are we *Whiggs* become Loyal, because Loyalty and Conscience have now no Disagreement?

Strange Alterations, that some Gentlemen show in the World, that in vicious and openly prophane Governments persecuted their Brethren, for not submitting to that same Supremacy, which they openly affront, and even in Convocation rebel against, in a Government of Virtue, Peace, and most exactly legal Administration.

Well, Gentlemen, let this be as it will, I shall not now enter into the *Arcana* of High Church Managements, *a la mode the Convocation*; as they are extremely singular, and wonderful (even to Admiration, they will admit of some Observations by themselves, but I am now upon reciprocal Behaviour and national Duty, what can all this

this signifie to one one another; if you will be uneasy at Governours and Laws, you must, we cannot help that, but there can be no Manner of Reason for private Grudges and Party-Quarrels now.

And upon this Head, methinks I might argue with a new and unanswerable Force for a Cessation of Feuds and ill Blood among us.

We are all now arriv'd to a Port, the Storms are over, or if they blow, they only

drive the Waves against the Shores, the Ship's in the Harbour, and the Voyage is made; to raise Tempests now is showing the Temper with no Expectations of Success; 'tis doing the Mischief, without so much as a Design to answer the End; 'tis attempting nothing at all, designing nothing at all, and expecting nothing at all; 'tis a *Je ne say* Quoy of Folly, a something so ridiculous, that I want a Name for it—But I shall say a little more to it in my next.

MISCELLANEA.

I Should not have troubled the World with answering any little Questions in this *Miscellanea*, but what had related to publick Affairs, had not one Gentleman took the Pains to write to me a very serious Letter at this great Distance, for Directions what to do with a bad Wife?

'Tis an odd Story, that a Man should go so far a Field for a Doctor to cure a Distemper, that has so many prescrib'd Remedies at Home.

I forbear to print the Gentleman's Letter, because it points a little at Particulars—But I perceive one thing here, that this Gentleman foreseeing, I should be very apt to prescribe the old true and seldom failing Remedy, *Viz.* To mend himself, and be sure to be a good Husband; he takes care to tell me by Way of Anticipation, that he is a very good Husband, a very kind Husband, and the like.

Indeed, indeed, Sir, she is a very bad Wife, that a kind good Husband cannot reclaim; and if I were fully assur'd of that Part, I should be apt to pronounce her among the Incurables: But really, Sir, there are such Abundance of good Wives call'd bad ones, or made bad Ones by bad Husbands, that I am wonderful backward to believe a Woman a bad Wife from the Mouth of a Husband, that has not as good Testification of his Discretion, as of his good Nature.

Wherefore, Gentlemen, I beseech you, make no Complaints of your Wives, without prescribing particularly the Complaint

to the Crime; if she be a Whore, a Drunkard, a Scold, a Slut, there is something to be said; and either Law, Gospel, or the Custom of the Country will furnish a Body with something to say to you.

But a bad Wife is such a General, such an Indefinite, who can say what is the Cure; Generals therefore must be answer'd with Generals—Is she a bad Wife, Sir? Mend her, Husband—I am not, nor believe never shall be perswaded, but the Amendment of the one will rectifie the other—She must be a mere She-Devil, that a very good Husband cannot reclaim—But I shall be always free to say, we cry out upon our Wives Faults, generally before we mend our own.

But this Gentleman's Wife, it seems, will ruin him by her Extravagance; this I confess is hard—But the Answer is short—Allow all things needful, and all things suitable, and then in mere Kindness to her restrain her—But do it gently, and with Kindness and Tenderness—And she cannot be so foolish, as not to consider, her own Rule and Yours go together.

But here comes in another Scruple on my side again, she is SO extravagant; this Word SO is liable to SO many Exceptions, that I am still an Objector, who is Judge of it—Are not you too narrow to her? Do not you call Decency, Extravagance, and Necessaries expensive—A covetous Humour in a Husband calls a very moderate Wife extravagant; and here such a general City-Mischief appears, and the Sex suffers

so much and so unjustly in it, that I cannot but mention it— The pretended Extravagance of good Wives is made the common Excuse for the real Extravagance of ill Husbands; the Womans Expence is publick, and her Family is call'd hers; if she thrives so be decent, tho' with the utmost Frugality, the Appearance is subject to such Magnifications, pardon me the making a Word for it, that all the Breaches on his Estate, or the Ruin of his Fortunes, if that follows, lies on his Wife— While secret Vice, or at best secret Folly, Neglect and Improvidence running thro' his whole Life, ruin both Himself and Family, and because conceal'd only from the Eye, is so also from the Censure.

For Shame, Gentlemen, make no more Complaints of these good bad Wives— But regulating your own Conduct with Kindness and Discretion, you must have very bad Luck indeed, if the worst of those Wives do not mend on your Hands.

This is a large Subject, and I may touch it again hereafter.

* * N. B. This REVIEW should have been printed before the last, N^o. 56. But, by the Neglect of the Post, came not to Hand in due Time. Those Gentlemen that collect Volumes, are therefore desir'd to take Notice, and to order the Binding of it accordingly.

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Thursday, June 19. 1707.

ONE Word more to the Folly of our Strife, and then we'll come to reasoning again; I have made some Digressions here, but any Body that gives themselves but the Trouble of reading, and in the least remembering what they read, will recall it to Mind, that I have been showing, not how wicked only, but how weak and senseless our Wrangling is in this Nation—We are marry'd, as I noted before, and we must live together, we must be conversing, trading, and corresponding with one another—Where is the Sense of bandying, Party-making, circumventing, and oppressing one another? Had we been in our Sences, this Reflection had reconcil'd us some Ages ago, and we had spared all the Malice and Mischief, that has disturb'd the Nation so long.

But we are a short-sighted Generation, and can neither foresee our Mischief nor Happiness; and in nothing more than this has this Blindness been visible. I could run back into a large Catalogue of our Mistakes of this Kind, and rake up the Follies of past Years; but to what Purpose should we write Satyrs upon our Ancestors? If we are the Sons of Fools, pray, Gentlemen, do not let our Children be able to say the same thing too; for we cannot be as bad Fools as our Fathers, without being worse at the same time; for if they were Fools in the Breaches and Fractions they made in the publick Peace, we must be Knaves too, if we imitate them, after we pretend to know the Error of their Conduct.

But to bring this down to our present Circumstance, I lay it down as a Maxim,
and

and insist upon it; that the Treaty of Union between these two Nations being made, all that Malice, ill Nature, ill Blood, ill Manners, or call it what you will, that was before the Practice of Parties on either side, and which kept us always embroil'd and enflamed one against another, forward to drink up the Blood of either Nation, and vain in the Destruction of one another, that kept the two Sister-Nations at Variance, and under mortal Aversions one to another, that made the Feuds between them hotter than usual, and hard to be reconciled; I say, all this must now dye of Course, and entirely vanish, or we must be all Fools and mad Men, bereav'd of our Politick Sences, and fitter for *Bedlam* than common Society.

What has made the Wars between these two Nations so particularly bloody, so more than ordinarily furious and merciless? Why have two Neighbours, that dwell on the same Island, in the same Climate, profess in general the same Religion, and have more Reasons for uniting than any two Nations in the World — What, but that Excess of Madness and Follies that always rages most between Persons under the nearest Obligations, the same Temper that makes *Solomon's* Words good, that a Brother offended is harder to be won, than the Barrs of a Castle.

Was ever any War so cruel, so fatal, and so destructive, as that between *Israel* and the Men of *Benjamin*, till but 800 Men were left of a whole Tribe? No Battle, no War so bloody as that between Brethren — But when I have proved, that so it is, I do not pretend to say, that it is not the most unaccountable Folly in the World, and that the brutish Nature of Man is more than usually discover'd by it.

If it be thus in the general, how much more unaccountably foolish should we be to retain the Spirit, now the Occasion is removed — All our Differences have been discuss'd, our Demands settled, our old Wounds healed, our old Breaches closed, what can be said but mere Distraction, why we should differ now?

I know, there are little Difficulties rais'd, some about Trade, some about National Articles, some Civil, some Religious, and

busy Heads strive much to raise those Mole-hill Debates into Mountain Objections; but I see none of them willing to enter into the grand Enquiries, or examining such Heads as these.

What had our Circumstances been without a Union?

What is the End of our quarreling and contending?

Who are the People desire it?

These three Heads, readily discuss'd and well answer'd, would soon set all considering People to Rights about the Union; they would soon see, that nothing but a Union could have finished the Safety and Security of this Island; and that had these People, who were against the Union, had their End, the present united Condition of this Island had been exchanged for Fields of Blood, Armies had been now ranging the Corn-Fields, and the Soldiers, not the Husbandmen, had reapt the Harvest, or perhaps the Fire destroy'd them *the shortest Way*.

I have with some Regret heard, some, that show by it they hardly know, or at least do not consider what War is, often say, a War was better than a Union, and boasting of what their Fathers did in the Wars with *England*, cry out they wisht for a War — But such are hardly worth answering — I could only desire to say a few Words about a War, as it respected this Island in general; I direct my Speech only to those ignorant People, who slight the Notions of a War between *North* and *South Britain*. Pray, Gentlemen, listen a little to a short Scheme of the Absurdity of the thing; you are so fond of.

A War with *England* would have two certain, unusual and intollerable Circumstances belonging to it, such as never War had before.

1. You must at last most certainly have the worst of it.

2. If you were beaten, you would be ruin'd.

3. If you were not conquer'd, you would be quite undone.

1. You must have the worst — And not to enter into any Comparisons of the Virtue and Glory of either sides military Performance, *England*; *Au Coup d' Argent*, must tire

tire you out, and you must sink under it— And no Body will debate that with me, I am sure, the Way of Fighting being now with the longest Purse, not the longest Sword.

2. If you were beaten, you would be ruin'd ; I apply this Word to your Country in particular, your Trade, your Lands, your Corn, your Manufactures, all would be over-run, and that Loss, that in *England* might be retriev'd and repaired by the Assistance of richer Countries, would in you be irreparable.

Your Country could not bear the De-

struction of one Harvest, the Poor would perish for Want of Bread, and, *no Reflection*, have not the Advantages of Funds for a Supply ; the destroying the Corn in the Field over the *South Parts of Scotland* would ruin the whole Country, and the People would starve of meer Hunger, the Circumstances of that Country not admitting the Tenants to keep Stores from Year to Year, as in *England*—And how often is this Sort of Destruction the Fate of our Wars ; I shall touch the last Article in the next.

MISCELLANEA.

I Was going on with my Observations begun in my last, about the Mens complaining of their Wives, and I design'd to be a little merry with our Gentlemen, that are so vext about their Wives, and perhaps have spoken to that hard and difficult Question, *What makes a bad Wife ?* But of this hereafter.

I am now call'd off from that Subject, and now I must turn Sooth-sayer ; and here is a Gentleman puts me to five Pence Charge of a Post-Letter to tell him before-hand, what will be the Issue of this present Campaign ? And pray, Gentlemen, judge between Me and this Enquirer, whether this be a fair Question ?

Mr. REVIEW,

“ YOU have talked a long Time about the Union, and the Affairs of the *North of Britain*, and I have read you with some Satisfaction ; but I desire to offer it to you, whether it would not be a useful Diversion, if you would tell us something of your Opinion relating to the present Circumstances of the War abroad ? The *Jacobites* are very uppish among us, and the Advantages, the Enemy has gain'd so early in the Spring, give great Discouragements to the People in general : Pray therefore tell us your Opinion of Things, and what we are to expect from Matters abroad ? What will

“ be the Consequence of our broken Voyages into *Spain*, and what Share has the Earl of *Galloway* had there, and what is your Opinion of his Conduct ? What shall we do to retrieve our Losses there, and will not King *Charles* be beaten out of *Spain*, before any Relief comes to him ? —Our Accounts tell us, he is fortifying *Barcelona*, and does not that signify to us, that he expects to be coup'd up there again, expects to be besieg'd a second time, and do you think we shall be able to relieve him just to a Minute, as we did before ?

“ Then step over to the *Rhine*, and tell us if you can, what will the *Mareschal De Villars* do next, and what will be the Consequence of his Successes on that side, and what deserves to be said for the supine sleepy Posture of the Empire ? And forget not to let us know, what Way is the properest, and when likely to be practis'd, to oblige the *French* to repass the *Rhine*, and deliver the Empire and its oppress'd Branches, from the immediate Ruin that this Invasion has brought upon them.

“ When you have done thus, tell us, what will be the Issue of the Affair in *Flanders*, whether the *French* will fight or not ? And if they do, which Party will have the better of it— Speak handsomely and satisfactorily to these things, Sir ;

“ and

" and tho' I have been in very little Char-
 " ty with the rest of your *Reviews*, I shall
 " be on the better Terms with you here-
 " after.

Et eris mihi magnus Apollo.

Here are, say they, in the North, a *Hand-
 sle* of Questions, *that is*, a Handful, or in
English, a great many for one Man to ask,
 and yet more for one poor Body to answer.
 —And dear Sir, what have I ever wrote,
 said or done to be taken for a Fortune-teller?
 —I'll pretend to foretell a thing, as they
 call it, after it come to pass, as well as ano-
 ther Body; and I know as much of these
 things, as any Man in Britain that knows no
 more of them than I —But as to Sooth-say-
 ing, you must go to your old Friend Gad-
 bury, Will. Lilly, poor Robin, the sage Mr.
 Partridge, or the *Millan Almanack* made
 in *Grubstreet*, and such like unborn Doctors;
 for my part I never pretended to Witchcraft
 nor Wizard neither — However, since this
 Enquirer says, he will be so much oblig'd by
 it, I shall endeavour to turn this Part of
 this Paper upon these Subjects, and satisfy
 the People, as much as my Judgment and
 the Distance of the Place, I am fix'd in,
 will allow.

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